I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.
Huntſ. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?
2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale,
this were a bed but cold to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.
Lord. Oh mounſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grim ſinne death how foule and loathſome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?
1. *Huntſ.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke hee cannot chooſe.
2. *H.* It would ſeeme ſtrange vnto him when he wak'd,
Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet Wood to make the lodging ſweete:
Procure me muſicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be ready ſtraight
(And with a low ſubmiſſiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a ſiluer Baſon
Full of roſe-water, And beſtrew'd with flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coſtly ſuite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Lady mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This

This do, and doe it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſtie.
1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he ſhall thinke by our true dilligence
He is no leſſe then what we ſay he is.
Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound Trumpets.

Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling ſome iourney) to repoſe him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't pleaſe your Honor, players
That offer ſeruice to your Lordſhip.

Enter players.

Lord. Bid them come neere;
Now fellowes, you are welcome.
Players. We thanke your Honor.
Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?
2. *Player.* So pleaſe your Lordſhippe to accept our dutie.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldeſt ſonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I haue forgot your name: but ſure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd,
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your Honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into ſome merrie paſſion,